

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

ONE LIFE.

Her white little hand is resting
On the arm that held it of old,
And he thinks it is the only night breeze
That makes it so soft and cold.

Her eyes into his are gazing—
Eyes ever so faithful to him,
And he thinks it is the shadowy twilight
That makes them so strange and dim.

Her pretty face turns toward him;
Ah! when did her face turn away?
And he thinks it is the silvery moonlight
That makes it so faint and gray.

Oh, spirit that lingers and lingers,
Take courage and whisper "Good-bye!"
A life—why, a life is nothing,
When millions each minute die.

With millions each minute dying,
What matters one life or death?
One fragile and tender existence,
One tremulous passing breath?

A life? Why, a life is nothing!
What matters the one that burns dim?
Alas! for the folly of reason—
One life is the world to him!

—Argosy.

"ONE OF THREE."

BY JESSE POTTERGILL.

Author of "Prohibition," "The Wolf," etc.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"I see. And are they very particular? Do they require certificates and things?"

"Oh, yes. But I am provided with all those."

"So am I," was the irrelevant reply. "And you would get at Whitinside. Have you written yet? Do they know your name?"

"Yes, of course. M. Percival. I signed myself," she answered, with a look of surprise. "I am waiting to hear from Mrs. Lascelles whether I have to go over and see her first."

"Oh, indeed?" said Margaret, very gravely. "I see. Well, I can not tell you how glad I am that you came. I suppose we must dress now. Be sure you make yourself look very pretty, Miss Percival."

Miss Percival, who had become quite sprightly under the influence of Margaret's sympathy, said she would do her best, and tripped away, thinking:

"I wonder if Mr. Biddulph really is very much in love with her. I never thought he was, myself. She thinks so, though, that is plain enough."

Margaret raised her head, and gave her maid scant attention as she uttered the words. The young lady was almost entirely free from personal vanity. She had other faults less common to the feminine character, and perhaps from their unusualness more obtrusive and troublesome, but from that one she was almost wholly free. She was as little given to being solicitous about her appearance as is a healthy school-boy, and she had the same frank contempt for, or, rather, carelessness about dress, and whether it became her or otherwise, as such a boy has. But she had a keen natural sense of beauty, and when she was dressed and surveyed her own reflection in the long cheval glass, a pleased smile broke over her face, and she said to her maid, who had been her maid since she was a child:

"Why, Norah, I look quite nice, don't I?"

"There'll be others ready to tell you that, Miss Barrington," was her retort, with a little snuff, as if to say: "If you are so dull as to need such information."

Indeed, Margaret did look very beautiful in her sherry dress of a curious half green, half blue, metallic tint (I believe peacock is the technical term). It was a puffy, cloudy dress, and the clouds were caught down here and there by "strange bright birds" of small size, but sparkling with iridescent luster, the hue of the dress varied and intensified like so many jewels. One of these feathered creatures was fastened with a diamond pin into her hair. Her maid put a quick-looking fan of peacock's feathers into her hand, and gave her her gloves and bracelets, with which in her hand, Margaret went down stairs.

The drawing-room was lighted up in readiness for the expected company, but was empty, save for a boy of fifteen, who sprang up as she came in, and advanced to meet her.

"Well, Tom, what do you think? Shall I do?"

Tom stuck his hands into his pockets, walked slowly and silently three times round her, and at last said emphatically:

"Stunning! No fellow need be ashamed to open a ball with you."

"How glad I am that I can return the compliment," retorted Margaret, laughing. "I really am deeply grateful for your expressions of approval. Come! sit down on this stool, and button my gloves and fasten my bracelets for me."

Delighted with the permission, Master Tom sat down and bungled for some time over the process, glancing up every now and then into the face above him. Margaret Barrington was his idea of beauty and enchantment; and if he only succeeded in expressing his worship in somewhat clumsy school-boy fashion, it was worship all the same. And mingled with his admiration for what he called her "stunning looks" was the deeper appreciation of certain points in her character—points vaguely known to his wife. Tom was wont to say that "Margaret could not sneeze—that when she said a thing she meant it—that she was not a bit like a girl—that (final and supreme commendation) it was an awful pity she was not a boy; if she had been, there would not have been a better fellow going!"

As he slowly and awkwardly fastened on her gloves and bracelets, he perceived that her eyes wandered; her brows were knitted, she was absent and did not seem to see him, her hand dropped limply.

"Come! say!" observed the youth, "if you don't stiffen your wrist a bit I can do nothing with you. What are you thinking about?"

Margaret started, looked down at him and smiled.

"If you pardon me, Tom, dear, I was thinking of something. I am on the eve of taking a great resolution."

"Oh!" said Tom. And Margaret added:

"Are you sure you won't break down at supper, at the critical moment?"

"I no!" was the confident reply. "I know it off by heart," he added, mysteriously; "won't it be a lark, just? There's the first ring. I shouldn't wonder if it was Biddulph, should you? He's sure to be early."

"Yes, I suppose it is," answered Margaret, with a darkening face.

And, in fact, in a few minutes Mr. Biddulph was announced, and came into the room.

CHAPTER III.

MAURICE BIDDULPH.

Mr. Pierce's house was commodious, for he was a rich merchant of a rich town. His friends, and those of his wife, were numerous. The provision made for them was on a generous and ample scale, and they had responded cordially to the invitation sent out to them.

Mr. Biddulph, of whom so much had been said that afternoon and evening before, was the first to arrive, while only Tom and Margaret were in the drawing-room. He—Maurice Biddulph—was a man concerning whom men held different opinions, and who caused much speculation in the bosoms of his lady friends. He was well off, and still young. He had many advantages, and there was no doubt that he was a man of the world. Nor was there any room for disputing the fact that he was good-looking and agreeable—many persons said clever, too, but that is a matter of opinion, for which no absolute rule can be established. He was tall, had a good figure, and a generally light-brown appearance, with a closely cut, pointed beard, and eyes which looked exceedingly pleasant, as a rule. He did things with ease, and as a matter of course, which some other men, especially very young men, found it very difficult to do at all. For instance, every one knew that the ball that night was given in honor of Margaret Barrington's coming of age, and half the bachelors who were to be there would have been very glad to make an offering in the shape of a bouquet—flowers being considered appropriate gifts on such an occasion, and some of them succeeded in accomplishing the feat, with more or less elegance of demeanor and charm of diction; but various motives restrained the ardor of the most part of them: shyness—a hideous dread of being the only one to do it, and so becoming the marked man of the occasion—and again, with that modest distrust of his own powers, of which which characterizes the very young man of the present day, the fear lest poor Miss Barrington should construe the gift as being intended to convey a deeper meaning, and so have her hopes unduly raised. It is said, in the face of so much tender consideration, to have to record that Margaret had been known to make the sweeping assertion that boys under sixteen were often very good fun, and men over thirty good company if they were clever, but that anything between those ages, of the masculine gender, was an unmitigated bore.

Mr. Biddulph, being (let him have the benefit of the doubt) clever, and over thirty, came, it is to be presumed, under the head of good company; and he, at any rate, had had the courage to bring a bouquet with him, and was sustained through the operation of presenting it and his congratulations to Margaret—and who will deny that it is a formidable task to make a congratulatory speech to a sarcastic young lady, in the presence of an impertinent school-boy who has the faculty for seeing something amusing in all that is said and done by his elders?

"I congratulate you, Mr. Biddulph," remarked Tom; "short, but able, and very much to the point," as the newspapers say."

Margaret received the offering with a smile of happy omen, granted Mr. Biddulph the dances he asked for, always excepting the first, and it is to be presumed, succeeded in her efforts on behalf of Marion Percival, for Mr. Biddulph was heard to murmur that he knew Miss Percival—of course, he knew her—and later was perceived dancing with her more than once. Margaret was pleased to see that Miss Percival appeared to be really enjoying herself; there was a bright flush on her cheek and animation in her dark eyes.

"Really, Madge, that girl looks quite pretty," observed Mrs. Pierce, condescendingly.

"Of course. When is a girl to look pretty if not when she is thoroughly enjoying herself?"

"Fancy her chattering away in that style to Mr. Biddulph! I didn't think she had so much conversation in her. Why can't she talk to me in that way? I am sure she is dull enough whenever I have anything to do with her."

"So would you be, if you had been struggling all day with two headstrong girls," said Margaret, who never could be got to agree with Mrs. Pierce's plaintive lament that her children—all children—were far more of a pleasure than a trouble, and that she could not understand why governesses complained of their charges. Margaret, who had an almost magic influence over children herself, maintained the very reverse, saying that of course there were ways and ways of treating them, but that, adopt what way you pleased, they were a trouble, and always would be. They did not pause now to have one of their discussions on this topic; but Mrs. Pierce shook her head, and wondered how it was that Miss Percival could not always look like that.

Supper was over. Mr. Biddulph had taken Margaret, having managed his tactics in such a manner that she could not refuse to go with him when he asked her. Margaret was off her guard to-night. The idea which had flashed into her mind while Miss Percival had been with her had never left it since. It possessed all her thoughts and made her very absent. Already her scheme was ripening and she had arranged a thousand details in her mind. She hardly noticed Mr. Biddulph's manner to her, she had almost forgotten that Laura wanted her to be married to him—a wish for which she could not quite pardon her cousin.

The supper was quite a success. At one moment, indeed, Mrs. Pierce, though quite happy as to the champagne, found herself much perturbed in mind as to an accident which almost happened. Margaret's health was drunk; Mr. Pierce got up and made a little speech—a better speech than Margaret had expected, in which he carefully suppressed all mention of the trouble she had given him, and spoke only of her good points. Margaret felt grateful. It was now that Mrs. Pierce suddenly remembered that she had forgotten to arrange for some one to reply to this speech, but after being a moment disconcerted, she thought she saw her way to an interesting development of the situation, and telegraphed to Mr. Biddulph to make the reply. He would willingly have risen to the occasion, but Margaret, suddenly becoming aware of what was being agitated, said, composedly:

"No, Mr. Biddulph do not trouble yourself. Tom and I have arranged it all, and he has got a beautiful speech off by heart and is going to deliver it now."

And, indeed, to Biddulph's extreme annoyance, and Mrs. Pierce's horror, Master Tom was perceived on his legs, glibly repeating an oration which was at least amusing, and at the end of which, winking visibly at Margaret, who was utterly unprepared for his taking the peroration into his own hands, he announced that his father had forgotten just one thing in his speech, and that was, to request the company, on filling their glasses, to rise and give:

"For she's a jolly good fellow, that nobody can deny." "I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that I know it from experience to be true," he added, solemnly; "and now, having exhausted the subject, I will resume my seat," which he did, amidst loud and prolonged cheering.

Supper over, Margaret found herself, she hardly knew how, arm-in-arm with Mr. Biddulph in the large, marble-paved hall, near the open door. Mrs. Pierce usually devoted her conservatory to loungers and flirts, and it was full of them now. But Mr. Biddulph had no desire to form one of that crowd; at least it would seem not, for he said to Margaret:

"Shall we go into the garden? It's deliciously warm—as warm as June. See! If I put this little shawl over your shoulders—"

"Yes, that is a good idea," said Margaret, dreamily, as they stepped out of the house into the garden, which was partially illuminated by some Chinese lanterns, and they wandered to another side of the building, where there was a short terrace of well-rolled, dry gravel, affording a solitary promenade. The air was, as he had said, balmy. The night was fair. Though they were close to the great thoroughfare, it was so late that traffic had quite ceased. The last omnibus had, hours ago, rumbled past. Nothing but, now and then, some belated foot passenger, or a smoothly-running brougham returning from some similar party, disturbed the quietness of the night. That, and the sounds of music from the ball-room; the melancholy wailing *schmuckelsroll* tone of some German waltz, rising and falling in measured cadences, and wafted to them by fits and starts. Margaret, excited by her thoughts, and unconsciously by the music and the dancing as well, walked along, humming the air. At last she said, almost abruptly:

"How do you like Miss Percival, Mr. Biddulph? I think she is charming."

"So do I," he replied; "I wonder I never noticed her before."

"This is promising," was Margaret's thought; while Biddulph mentally wondered why on earth Miss Percival's name should be dragged into the conversation. He wanted to speak of something quite different, if only he could see his chance; but talking of Miss Percival gave him no chance. It must be confessed that Maurice Biddulph was more than half a boy; he had studied Margaret so long with the desire that he should fall in love with him, that he was too ready to take any sign at all for a sign of that which he desired. And then, he cared for her—not as much as for himself, naturally; it was not his selfishness that cared for her, but his vanity and his love of distinction. Those two qualities had made the conquest of the incorrigible young heiress an object of great importance to him. Yet Mr. Pierce had read him aright when he had said: "Margaret has a mind, you know, and Biddulph hasn't."

"Yes, I wonder you never perceived before how charming she is. But perhaps now you will become better acquainted with her."

"As how?"

"Well, does not your estate at Beckbridge adjoin mine? I have heard so."

"Yes, it does. What then?"

"I heard that you were going to stay there."

"What," he asked himself, "can that have to do with Miss Percival?" And aloud:

"That depends entirely on circumstances, Miss Barrington. I may go, or I may not. It is not an attraction to draw me there."

"You have often said, Mr. Biddulph, that you wanted some occupation, and that you would like me to give you some."

(This was true. Mr. Biddulph had frequently humored Miss Barrington's admiration for the active and practically minded man, by confessions of that nature.)

"Would it draw you there, if I said I wanted you to go to oblige me?" she asked, incautiously, and almost before the answer came repeated her.

"By George! Margaret, yes."

Wild with herself for having thus committed herself, she asked, coldly:

"What do you mean?"

"What do you mean?" retorted Biddulph, perceiving in a moment that he had gone too far. Yet, might he not turn the mistake to advantage? Was he not cleverer than this reckless girl, who said the most *risque* things without heeding how her words hit or missed? He saw that she was annoyed with herself, and, summoning all his "cleverness" to his aid, he resolved upon a stroke of policy which should bind her to him, at least, "think of him," as the curious saying goes. He said, composedly:

"I think, if you will permit me to say so, that we should have an explanation. On both sides it would be better."

"Oh, no! It can only be disagree-

able," said Margaret, in her fatally soft and gentle voice. Evidently, she required only a little management, which surely a man of the world should be able to compass. She had not been two years out of school!

"I'm afraid I must insist. You have said things to me to-night, and at other times, which you must explain."

"But if I can not?"

"I am sure you can. Listen, Miss Barrington, and try to forget that I called you 'Margaret' just now, as I will try to forget that you provoked me into doing it."

"I never meant—"

"I do not know what you meant. I know what you said and what I feel. For instance, that question about going to Beckbridge—it was a curious question to put to a man."

"It was, very. I see it now. I—I did not mean anything. At least, I was thinking of something else."

"Something else than what?" he asked, throwing a little judicious sternness into his tone—a sternness which seemed to have its effect, for Margaret averted her face and answered with a voice which was decidedly not steady:

"I can not answer such a question."

"Did you think that my presence at the Hall would make the Abbey a little less dull for you?" he asked, bending a little nearer to her. It would not be wise to make her cry. Her face was still averted, and where they sat it was as nearly dark as possible. The before-named Chinese lanterns were at the front of the house, and they only saw a faint reflection of their light.

"I—I—no, that was not what I was thinking," answered Margaret, still tremulously. Mr. Biddulph was so clever that it would not easily occur to him that any one could be laughing at him—and then that voice—so soft and sweet!

"There is one thing, and only one, which would reconcile me to going to Beckbridge for a permanency," said he, "and that would be if you, Margaret, would go with me there, as my wife, and its mistress?"

There was a pause. A sob rose in Margaret's throat; she felt half hysterical. It is too bad to try and entrap me thus," she thought. "As for caring for me? not he. I do not care what I say now."

And she answered, turning round, and looking at him.

"That is quite impossible, Mr. Biddulph."

So decided was the voice; so grave and so self-possessed, that he began to feel at a most disagreeable disadvantage.

"Impossible! Why? Am I so exceedingly distasteful to you that, under no circumstances—"

"Oh, not at all. I like you better now than I ever did, because now I understand you. But one does not necessarily desire to marry the man whom one understands. I like you, but I like freedom even better than you; and, besides, there is another obstacle."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Algerian Forests.

The forests comprised in the colonized parts of Algeria include at the present time some 14,000,000 of trees—viz, 6,019,011 large forest trees and 8,378,566 mulberries, resinous and ornamental trees. According to the official returns there are 278,325 hectares covered with cork oak, 605,622 with evergreen oak, 42,742 with cedar, while the remainder of the forest area is occupied by the tree known as oak-zeen.

Aleppo pine, thuya, wild olive, eucalyptus, pistachio, locust bean, broom, etc. The majority of the cork trees are in the province of Constantine, fringing the coast line of La Calle and Bougie. Here also grows the oak-zeen, peculiar to Algeria, which resembles the white oak, but has a leaf like a chestnut.

Some of these trees, and especially in the forest of Skira, on the Tunis frontier, grow to a colossal size and are excellent for ship-building purposes. The chestnut flourishes in the forest of Edough, near Bona, while the plains in the neighborhood of the coast contain elm and ash, and the river valleys willow, elder and poplar. The lower chains of the Atlas range are covered with evergreen oak, mingled with broom and sweet acorn oaks. On the ranges above are the thuya, Aleppo pine, and maple, though these latter are limited in their localities, such as the Aures hills and the environs of Bathna, where the summits of the mountains are thickly planted with cedar. Toward the coast of the province of Algiers are the forests of Sahel and Mazafran, near Koleah, the latter possessing huge ash trees interlaced with the wild vine; but the true forest country does not commence until we reach the Atlas Mountains, where are the forests of Ak-Fordoun, with very large oak-zeen, the forest of Beni-Masser consisting principally of wild olive, the forest of Ourensenis, of thuya and Aleppo pine, and the venerable forest of Teniet-el-Haad, where the cedars are from fifteen feet to eighteen feet in circumference and from forty-five feet to one hundred feet in height. The province of Ouran is erroneously said to be bare of trees, but, though they are rather scanty in the coast section, the plateaux of the mountains are heavily timbered, especially beyond Mascara as far as Sebdo. The forest of Duya in this neighborhood is at least forty thousand acres in extent, principally of evergreen oak, thuya and Aleppo pine.—London Times.

—One day an old negro, clad in rags and carrying a burden on his head, ambled into the Executive chamber in New York and dropped his load on the floor. Stepping towards the Governor, he said: "Am you de Gubner, sah?" Being answered in the affirmative, he said: "If dat am a fac' I see glad ter meet yer. Yer see I libb way up dar in de back ob de country, and is a poor man, sah. I dun h'ar dar is some pervisions in de Con'stution fo de dullud man, and I am hyar to get some ob 'em, sah."—N. Y. Times.

—It was on the piazza of the Grand Union, Saratoga: "How beautifully that woman sings," said one lady to another who was in gorgeous attire and blazing with diamonds. "Is she a mezzo-soprano?" "No, I guess not. I think she is a Swede," replied the other.—N. Y. News.

Driven to the Wall.

Driven to the wall in its search for a leader the Republican party now turns for hopeful consolation to a man whom the party leaders regard with small consideration. Too much of a man to cringe and cover before the clamor of partisan appeal, General Sherman has in season and out of season spoke his mind upon all public questions and more than once expressed his opinion of the men who were donning the garb of patriotism for ambitious ends. While he has sought no opportunities to attack the partisan leaders of the Republican party, he has never minced his words nor tempered his thoughts when their manner and methods were being discussed. He was a bold, blunt man, and said what he had to say without caring whether anybody liked it or not. Having never allowed the buzzing bee of political ambition to find lodgment in his brain, he was under no restraint and so managed to go through his public duties with satisfaction to the people, though never highly valued by politicians, who early found that they could not use him. To this grim warrior, as independent in speech as he was brave in the field, the Republican party is now inclining itself, in the hope that his good name and military services may furnish them with a bridge by which they might re-establish connection with lost public favor. Although General Sherman has repeatedly announced his determination not to enter the field of political ambition, and has looked forward to the period of his retirement for rest and repose, still he is pursued with the dreams of ambition which certain men, anxious to hold on to power, present to him for their own benefit. The party must indeed be in desperate straits when it attempts to force into an unwilling candidacy a man who wants none of it, and is determined to have nothing to do with it. The fact is the candidates who want the Republican nomination are scarce, and those who would take it the party is afraid of, so they are obliged to worry and annoy people who constantly turn a deaf ear to all their importations. When the chances were reasonably fair the politicians cut each other's throats in their ambitious strifes, but now when defeat is almost certainly written over against them they turn to men whom they then ignored, and whose candidacy they would have laughed at. If these men think they can now induce General Sherman to leave their former hopes and pull their chestnuts out of the fire they will doubtless make a serious mistake. They will have to fall back upon their old party hacks and meet their defeat under their old leaders. General Sherman has no idea of clouding the evening of his days with a discouraging and disheartening defeat. He stands well before the country as one of the heroes of the war, and as such will live long in public remembrance. He would not be the man the country gives him credit for if he should give rein to an ambition which could not add to his name more glory, and might cover him with regretful reflection. The Republican party must seek its candidate from among the men who covered it with disgrace and brought it to its present pitiable condition. General Sherman can not be used for their selfish purposes.—American Register.

What Has the Democratic Party Done?

Before the Ohio election the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette asked what the Democratic party had done for the country during the past twenty-five years. Of course, it is easy to ask a question like that, and in connection with the fact that the Democrats have been given very limited opportunity to do much directly for the country in that time, the question is comparatively a safe one on the eve of election. But it is not intended for thoughtful men. They know that in the mad riot of Republican passions immediately succeeding the war, the result that the war brought about would have been thrown away, and a condition of affairs but little better than anarchy would have ensued had not the Democratic party been a constant check upon the wanton wastefulness and the one of the dominant result evils of the war. We are glad that Senator Bayard in his speech at Orange, N. J., Tuesday night, dwelt upon the true service and value of the Democratic party since the war. It fully answered all such foolish and impudent questions and sneers as that which supplies the reason for this article. Mr. Bayard said: "The Democratic party has had great usefulness simply by standing upon the principles of restraint upon power. What will history say of the events of the last fifteen years? It will say that those men who, in minority and defeat, held fast to the principles of constitutional liberty, are the men who really saved the Union. There is no to-day a problem of finance or economy which gives us trouble or calamity that can not be traced back to a violation of the limitations on power placed by the Constitution. Do you believe that the giving of the vote to the negro immediately after his enfranchisement—without education, without preparation—was anything else than to obtain an extension of power in those States where the negroes were numerous? It was a hypocritical act. So was the Civil-rights bill, which was a disingenuous attempt to interfere with the police duties of the States for the purpose of binding the negro to the Republican political car. If these laws were not being every day declared unconstitutional this Republic would be doomed. Instead of a United States we would have a United States—a unit instead of a Union." This is a sharp, strong and discriminating presentation of important facts. It is this restraint upon power that has won by sure degrees the confidence of a people embittered and demoralized by the most tremendous internal strife in the world's history, until at last twenty-six of the United States have Democratic Governments and the American people have solid ground for the now general expectation that the next President will be a Democrat. Yes, within the last twenty years the Democrats have done their full share to preserve the integrity of the Union; and though they have struggled against great odds and a desperate opposition, with many mistakes, no doubt, they have made constant progress, and the party will stand again as it has stood before, and as it ought to stand, the party of the Constitution, the

party of the people, the party in whose abiding principle alone lies the perpetuity of our republican form of Government.—Boston Post.

Democratic Arithmetic.

Under the new Congressional apportionment the Electoral vote in 1884 will be as follows:

Alabama.....	10	Missouri.....	15
Arkansas.....	7	Nebraska.....	5
California.....	8	Nevada.....	3
Colorado.....	3	New Hampshire.....	4
Connecticut.....	6	New Jersey.....	9
Delaware.....	3	New York.....	36
Florida.....	9	North Carolina.....	11
Georgia.....	12	Ohio.....	23
Illinois.....	22	Oregon.....	3
Indiana.....	15	Pennsylvania.....	23
Iowa.....	12	Rhode Island.....	4
Kansas.....	9	South Carolina.....	9
Kentucky.....	12	Tennessee.....	13
Louisiana.....	10	Texas.....	12
Maine.....	4	Vermont.....	4
Maryland.....	8	Virginia.....	12
Massachusetts.....	12	West Virginia.....	5
Michigan.....	13	Wisconsin.....	11
Minnesota.....	11	Total.....	401
Mississippi.....	7		

The Southern States, those which in the campaign of 1880 were classified for partisan purposes as "the solid South"—are Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia and West Virginia. They will give the Democratic candidates for President and Vice-President 163 votes, which is 48 less than the number necessary to a choice. The Northern States to which the Democracy must look for these 48 votes are the following:

California.....	8	New York.....	36
Colorado.....	3	Ohio.....	23
Connecticut.....	6	Oregon.....	3
Indiana.....	15	Pennsylvania.....	23
Iowa.....	12	Rhode Island.....	4
Kansas.....	9	South Carolina.....	9
Kentucky.....	12	Tennessee.....	13
Louisiana.....	10	Texas.....	12
Maine.....	4	Vermont.....	4
Maryland.....	8	Virginia.....	12
Massachusetts.....	12	West Virginia.....	5
Michigan.....	13	Wisconsin.....	11
Minnesota.....	11		
Mississippi.....	7		
Total.....	147		

Of these States three (California, Nevada and New Jersey) cast their Electoral vote for Hancock in 1880. Several of the others, more important on account of their Electoral strength, have since been in Democratic line, and still others have shown rapid Democratic promise. With National issues in the balance and the factional quarrels engendered by local questions out of the way, there are strong Democratic probabilities in a majority of the eleven Northern States tabulated above, and Democratic possibilities in all of them. Ohio leads off with a Democratic majority of twelve thousand in a full vote in the year immediately preceding that of the Presidential election. The signs of Democratic promise in this State were never before so brilliant.

The head of the Republican ticket is elected in New York, but the Democrats have the larger share of State offices, and the Legislature is Republican largely through the manner in which the State is districted. New York went overwhelmingly Democratic last year over the wide-spread apathy in the Republican party. The Republicans have not regained their ground, and New York is left a battle-ground for 1884, with the advantages in favor of the Democracy.

New Jersey remains Democratically steady, and may be counted on for 1884. We may also look for Nevada and California again.

The comparatively unimportant election in Pennsylvania this year does not obliterate the warlike attitude and triumph of the Democracy in 1882.

Indiana is a Democratic State, and the performance in Connecticut this year does not leave us in despair as to the land of wooden nutmegs and steady habits.

Then there are fighting chances in Colorado and Oregon, and it is worth the trouble to keep the Democratic flag floating in Wisconsin, and even in Massachusetts and two or three other States which are not mentioned in the possible election.

The vote of New York and New Jersey added to that of the Southern States would lack only three votes of giving the Democrats the Presidency.

Ohio, Indiana, New Jersey and California can do it.

New York, New Jersey, Ohio and Indiana, all going Democratic, would give the Democratic candidate a majority, and thirty-five to spare.

Indiana, California, New Jersey, Nevada, Connecticut, Colorado and Oregon, united for Democracy, would "come within one of it." This leaves out New York and Ohio.

If New York and Indiana cast their fifty-one votes for the Democratic candidates they will be elected,